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MERCY  
TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS





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**MERCY**  
**TO THE**  
**CHIEF OF SINNERS.**



M E R C Y  
TO THE  
C H I E F O F S I N N E R S ,  
A NARRATIVE,  
BY THE  
REV. WILLIAM BLOOD, A.M.,

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE  
REV. WILLIAM C. BROWNLÉE, D.D.,  
(OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW-YORK.)

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TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A SHORT ACCOUNT OF  
THE WRECK OF THE  
“AMAZON” STEAMER,  
BY THE AUTHOR, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

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LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

1852.

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## THE WRECK OF THE "AMAZON."

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[Extracted from the "*West of England Conservative.*"]

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As one of the passengers in the ill-fated steam-ship, *Amazon*,—saved by a gracious Providence, from the terrific death of being burnt alive or drowned in the awful deep,—I hasten to inform you I am preparing for publication a narrative of the incidents connected with the destruction of the above-named vessel.

And as now, in the retrospect, I see distinctly a combination of providential circumstances,—all of which were absolutely necessary to the salvation of my fellow-sufferers from the awful death which threatened them,—I feel it my duty to narrate those incidents and to arrange and place in their proper light the various

particulars connected with this dreadful calamity, so as to make evident the interposition of a merciful God in their deliverance—to show that *mercy, great mercy,* has been mingled with judgment—and that while so many stand astounded and startled at the calamity, they may also view the benevolent interference of the Almighty, and bow with humility before His inscrutable power.

I arrived here in safety on Thursday evening, at half-past six o'clock, with my twelve fellow-sufferers. We were fifteen hours in an open boat, in the midst of the mighty deep, without oars or food and but little clothing, when a sail hove in sight. By the tearing up the boards from the bottom of the boat, and converting one of them into a mast, upon which we attached a shirt as a signal of distress, and breaking the rest of them into paddles and a helm, we were enabled, after many hours, to reach the welcome visitor. After contending in vain for *eight days, with contrary winds and a*

boisterous sea, in our efforts to make for Gibraltar, we at last changed our course, and after three days more obtained the friendly port of Plymouth, where we were met by many kind hearted, with tearful eyes. During every day we were enabled to seek the guidance of that Almighty Being who so mercifully delivered us when in great distress.

Every day to us was a Sabbath, and our little bark, our church, within which our feeble voice of prayer ascended, and our notes of praise mingled with the music of nature in the whistling winds, the roaring billows—while the great God of nature—of the storm and the tempest—heard our supplications and sheltered us in His pavilion. Often, too, His blessing descended, which softened the hardened heart, and brought forth the tears of holy sorrow for sin and of joy, and gratitude for His mercies so bountifully bestowed, while the penitent listened to the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. On Friday evening my little flock came in a

body, newly clad, to bid me “good bye,” and to offer their thanks. They bowed down in the house of the christian friend who gave me shelter beneath his hospitable roof, and lent me his own clothes to cover me. I committed them once more to the care of that gracious Being who snatched us from the double death by fire and water, and provided for us a home, and preserved us upon the stormy ocean—To him be all glory.

As to myself, the providence of my Heavenly Father has been most signally displayed. I had taken a cabin in the fore-part of the ship, where I must have perished had I been there at the time of the fire, as it would have been impossible to have passed from that part of the vessel to the boats; but, by the kind intimation of Captain Mangles, I had been removed to one of the after cabins. Those in the fore-part of the ship must have been burnt to death.

On the previous night I undressed and went to bed, but on the night of the

catastrophe, without any cause, I was induced to retire early (9 o'clock), and, when going to bed, it was deeply impressed upon my mind not to undress. I accordingly lay down upon the bed with my clothes on, even my boots, and immediately fell into a sound sleep. At about half-past 12 I awoke, greatly refreshed, and prepared for what was to follow. No voice awoke me—no alarm had been given—no bell aroused me. When I awoke, I felt surprised by a peculiar indescribable feeling as of solitude—of vacancy; and on opening the window of my cabin, I looked out, but saw no person—still all was silent—and with the same feeling I arose, went out of the cabin, without even taking my watch, which lay beneath my pillow, and as I passed along the saloon, I overheard the voice of the stewardess in the distance saying, "The ship is on fire." I then hastened towards the stairs at the fore-part of the ship, and saw (oh! horror!) the blaze ascending right across the vessel.

I ascended the stairs just in time to escape the flames. When on the deck, I had merely time to walk across to the bulwarks (for on the deck the flames were spreading with terrific rapidity). Seeing a boat full of people descending, I clambered over the bulwarks, and having hold of a rope, was about to step into it, when, hesitating for an instant to balance myself to make a spring into it,—fearing at that moment to fall on my right leg, which had been some months before broken,—I paused—the boat at the same instant falling only by one end, the other refusing to give away from the tackle, it was immediately submerged—the people flung out into the raging sea—while the steamer pushed on at full speed, and left them struggling amid the gloomy waves. I heard their piercing shrieks of distress amidst the dismal darkness; but, alas, could render no aid. Oh, how heart-rending those awful cries—I hear them yet. They must have perished. I then climbed up *the ship's side* to the deck, when seeing

another boat about to be let off from the crane or crutches on which it rested, I climbed into it. The tackle was loosened —she swung ; but the keel being fixed tight in the crutches, she capsized with her bottom nearly upwards — her oars were flung out, and immediately she righted. How I remained in her, I cannot say. Twelve persons got into her—they let her down to the water, about twenty feet from the bulwarks—cut the ropes—the steamer dashed on and left her safe floating upon the water. In the fall upon the waves her bottom was stove in, and she must have swamped had not two small casks which were providentially in the boat come to our assistance. I cried out, “ Throw them in and let us bale her out.” With them and our boots she was saved from sinking. The water, however, was making progress through the barge. The poor fellow, Michael Fox, who had thrust his arm through, cried out, “ I can’t keep the water out ; give me something.” I immediately gave my cap,

another gave his stockings, &c., and she was partially staunched. I took off the skirts of my coat, and tied one as a cap around the head of Lieutenant Grylls, and another around my own, as a slight protection against the pouring rain, while our bodies lay partially submerged in the water, and the waves at times dashed over our persons. At one time, shivering with cold and wet, I strove to keep my back pressed against another person to preserve the vital heat. Such cold I never felt before. The skirt of the coat became most useful to me afterwards, during the 11 days on board the galliot, for it served as a pocket handkerchief, napkin, &c.

How wonderful that the casks should have remained in the boat, when she capsized and threw out the oars, without them she must have swamped. "But God is the God of Providence, and man's extremity is the time of his opportunity." Thus passed our first Sabbath on the wilderness of waters. On that day I remember *exclaiming*, let us offer up thanks to

God for our deliverance so far, when awful to state, one of the number (one who afterwards almost withstood the efforts made to lead him to Christ) cried out, "We want no religion here." Although almost ruined by former low and vile habits, yet at times he seemed to relent ; and, I am not without hope, while my poor prayer shall be offered up for him in particular, that yet he may become a burning and shining light, and that the seed sown may eventually take root.

The little cabin in which we were huddled together on board the galliot, and in which we worshipped every day, was not more than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and about six feet square. It answered for kitchen, sleeping room, and a temple for God's service; and never did He enable me to preach His word as then, or give me so attentive an audience. Often was my own soul so overpowered in praying and preaching, that deep feeling and tears interrupted, for some time, utterance, while I listened to the sobs that responded in sweet and

holy sympathy. O that I could always utter His blessed truth, but "as your day is so shall your strength be." My happiest and holiest hours is sweet communion with a reconciled Father in Christ, were spent on board that little bark. We had no Bible or Prayer Book, in English, but memory, with God's assistance, supplied their want; we had a Bible (the captain's companion) but it was in Dutch. He was a Godly man, and often during the moonlight nights did I sit upon the deck with him while my companions were asleep, as he sang the songs of the Sweet Singer of Israel, in his own native tongue. Frequently, too, in the day had he his faithful Bible with him, thoughtfully perusing it, and no doubt his effort to pick us up and his kindness to us while on board, may be attributed to his religious principles and feeling. Our food was coarse, and at times scanty, but he gave us willingly the best he had. But having food and water, we should *be content*; but never was food more

highly relished and appetites more keen than ours. Indeed our health has been greatly improved by our buffetings with the billow, our exercise—the continued efforts to retain our equilibrium in the rocking bark—and by the refreshing wind, which tossed about our little vessel. She rode gallantly over the breakers and the swelling waves, until we were received by the *Royal Charlotte*, Revenue cutter, and she faithfully landed us in Plymouth.

WILLIAM BLOOD.

Saved by a kind and a gracious God from the burning ship and the stormy deep.

*Plymouth, January 19th, 1852.*



## INTRODUCTION.

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IT has been beautifully and truly said that "History is PHILOSOPHY teaching by example." If this be correct with respect to Profane History, how much more truly may it be said that Sacred History is RELIGION teaching by example. Every one has felt the force of this. We listen to discursive instruction, and follow a train of argument and illustration, with interest; but, with what increasing interest and pleasure, do we listen to a parable, or to an appropriate anecdote: and above all, how does a simple unadorned nar-

rative arrest the mind, and carry it away in the most pleasing emotions of delight.

It is this which makes the divine discourses of our Redeemer so charming. They captivate every power of the heart,—they thrill the soul. “Never man spake like this man.” It is the force of his divine truths, accompanied by his parabolic illustrations, which produce such astonishing and salutary effects.

It is this which throws a charm over the simple and unaffected narratives of our religious Tracts. It would be easy to read a rousing discourse, showing the evil of infidelity and sin to a thoughtless person, or to a careless audience: but its eloquence, its force of argument, will yield to a pathetic narrative of a dying, ungodly, and thoughtless man, such as we see in the closing scenes of Thomas Paine, and Altamont,

and Freeport. The evils of apostacy from the faith, and the horrors of the remorseful, may be delineated in the most affecting discourse ; still even this will yield to the *narration* of the apostacy and remorse of Francis Spira, who wasted away by a slow consuming fire,—the agency of his remorse for apostacy from the Christian faith. You may delineate in the most glowing pathos, how pride must have a fall : but, how unspeakably more captivating and affecting is the artless narrative on the pages of Daniel, detailing the fall of the proud King of Babylon, who was driven from his throne and palace, to herd with the cattle, and eat grass like the ox ! You may melt an audience into tears by discoursing on a martyr's feelings, his heroism, his divine supports, and triumphant end : but how much more enchanting is it to

a reader, or a hearer, to have the martyr set before him in the unadorned story on the pages of John Fox's Martyrology. In the lively narrative, you see the martyr, as if visibly before you: you hear him: you see him in his agonies borne up, full of joy in the Holy Ghost. You weep with him: you rejoice with him: and your soul seems to yourself to ascend to heaven with his noble and pure soul in his fiery car!

You may discourse to an audience on the sustaining grace of God to the dying Christian: how meek, how calm he is, with all the divine promises guiding him by the Holy Ghost to the portals of heaven. But, if you introduce a real fact,—a brief narrative,—an anecdote, or a detailed narration, like that of the “Dairy-Man’s Daughter,” *instantly is the attention doubly excited;*

all eyes are on you. The reason is obvious. The glowing imagination, and the awakened fancy, are called in to your aid : and the truths which had been presented through the appeal to the intellect and reason, now enter into the soul with all the vivid yet chastened decorations of a disciplined and refined mind. In addition to the pictures created by reason, and offered to the judgment, and through that to the heart, you have the same pictured ideas set out in all the glowing charms and fascinations with which the imagination fails not to invest the truths and facts presented to it, in a fervid and sentimental narrative.

We have had of late some valuable specimens of this kind of brief history. One, I read a short time since, contains the account of a criminal executed in England. While reading it, we are led

in the narratives which we applaud and commend to the reader. It is this: the faithful pastor in all his dealings with the souls of the condemned criminals, sets forth his divine Master, the Saviour of sinners, and his most precious gospel, and the all-efficient agency of the Holy Ghost, so fully, so constantly, that he is hid behind his blessed Lord. It is not so in the other narrations: in them the person dealing with the sinner, stands out in bold relief. You praise the man, you admire the “converter.” You lose sight of Christ, and the Blessed Spirit. But here the humble, affectionate, and faithful pastor, puts Christ and the Spirit between you and him. He is lost sight of in the cloud of glory attending converting and saving grace! This is a beautiful trait. It is told of *two students of Glasgow College*, that,

on their return from hearing the venerable Dr. Chalmers preach, one said, “What eloquence! what splendour! what vehemence! Did you ever see his equal?” The other replied, “I did not particularly notice him and his eloquent pathos. He set the Lord Jesus Christ so fully and so effectually before my anxious mind, that I lost sight of Dr. Chalmers!” A higher compliment never was paid to a minister! On the contrary, the mode of the other authors alluded to, reminds me of an anecdote of a worthy minister, who had made an unusual display of eloquence in the pulpit. On his descending from the pulpit, an elder said to him, “Sir, you have excelled yourself; that is the best discourse *I ever heard you preach!*” “Yes,” replied the mortified minister, “the

devil told me that before I left the pulpit!"

In a word, it is one thing to preach Christ, and write of Christ in such a manner as to conceal yourself; and another to *preach*—it may be unintentionally—but, to preach yourself! The former authors do the first; the latter, the last.

These remarks have been suggested to my mind by reading, or rather I should say, studying the following most interesting narrative by my friend and brother, the Rev. Mr. Blood. It has all the various characteristics of the true evangelical tract which we have mentioned. It is a faithful and honest narration. It possesses uncommon simplicity. There is no laboured attempt at display and effect. The full heart of the faithful pastor pours out its feelings

in unaffected earnestness and eloquence. In many respects, it is superior to the “Dairy-Man’s Daughter;” and, in general, it is equal to it. It is less diffuse, and less laboured. It is precise, and directly to the point. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has passed through so many and so large editions, in Ireland, in Canada, in America, and England.

We commend it to the favorable attention of our literary and our Christian friends. Its elegance will please the former ; its unction and its evangelical sentiments will charm and edify the latter. May the effectual blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has plucked many a brand from the burning in their last extremity, and who showed such marvellous grace to the two condemned criminals, whose brief

history is here detailed,—attend the perusal of this little book ; and make it the means of bringing many a soul to that most blessed Redeemer, who has in store, **MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.**

W. C. BROWNLEE.

*New York, Aug. 1841.*

## P R E F A C E.

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THOUGH the writer of the following pages was fully convinced, that to allow such remarkable circumstances, as are recorded in this little book, to pass by unimproved, would be most reprehensible ; yet, as he was led to think that some other person would have taken the matter in hand, he was almost inclined to decide against employing his pen upon the subject, until some Christian friends urged him to the task. And, having witnessed the beneficial effects produced upon the mind by the mere relation of the facts in conversations and sermons, he has been induced to obey that call, which, he trusts, will prove to be providential.

The cases of the two individuals, whose crimes led them to the ignominious death which they suffered, are correctly, though concisely, stated. He has studied brevity, for the sake of giving wider circulation to the glorious truths of that Gospel which proclaims MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNES. He has also endeavoured to avoid every thing but what he personally knew to be fact.

It is delightful to remember, that while the Bible denounces vengeance against all *manner of sin*, it at the same time, offers salvation to the most abandoned who return to God through Christ: thus accomplishing two great purposes—*the condemnation of crime, and the prevention of despair.*

Much of the Divine Record is also given in the form of historical narrative, *in which forgiveness for the greatest*

sins is mentioned, as if to keep the greatest sinners from despair; thus truth and principle are embodied. And God has often blessed narratives constructed on the principles of Scripture, developing the operation of the Holy Spirit in the salvation of others.

It is however worthy of remark, that in the sacred Scriptures there is mention made of only *one* sinner who found forgiveness at the *eleventh hour*—of one, to prevent *despair*, and of *but one*, to prevent *presumption*. The history of Providence, too, confirms this idea, for while we hear of many being cut off in the midst of their sins, we only occasionally hear of any at the eleventh hour turning unto God. Most solemnly should it be pressed upon the attention of those who have the opportunity of hearing the Gospel, that *they* have no encouragement whatever from the cases

here recorded, “to continue in sin that grace may abound.” While, therefore, this should deter the sinner from continuing in his sins, it also ought to urge him to flee at once for mercy to the hope set before him in the Gospel even of Christ Jesus.

While not only the awful crime of murder, but every other crime, should be regarded with the utmost detestation, it is gratifying to know that the opinion is gaining ground that no legislation is justified in upholding laws which authorize the taking away of human life. America has adopted a mode of punishment which has proved in every sense of the word preferable.

Let none imagine that because *the law of man* does not condemn them, or because they may not be so guilty as the persons of whom this book treats, *that, therefore they are not condemned*

by *the law of God*. We should fear, while we remember the words of the Lord Jesus, who said, “ Publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, when ye” who think well of yourselves, or who rely upon your self-righteousness, “ shall be cast out; ” and how applicable the words of Christ, which he made use of on another occasion, “ Think ye that they were sinners above all others, because they suffered such things. I tell you nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” (Luke xii. 4, 5.) We are all guilty in the sight of the Holy God, and we all require the precious blood of Christ to atone for our sins. If we rely on any other refuge we shall be lost, as surely as those were engulphed in the mighty deluge, who were not in the ark of Noah: but if we depend exclusively on Jesus, we shall be as safe

as those who are now secure upon the eternal shores of glory. May the Lord himself smile on this feeble attempt to interest some in the everlasting interests of their souls! May it be blest in leading sinners to the Saviour, and in encouraging Christians to be incessant in their exertions to disseminate the knowledge of God, and the glory will be given to Him to whom alone it is due.

*Carlow, April 3rd, 1835.*

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#### PREFACE TO THE LONDON EDITION.

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THE sixth Edition being now put to press, within fourteen months of its first publication, it is with pleasure the present publishers send this forth with the *hope that they may be instrumental in*

adding to the circulation of a work  
which has been so useful.

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## PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

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SEEING that the Almighty has so far blessed the attempt, which the author had in view, in the publication of this little work, so that nine editions in English and one large edition in the French language, have been issued from the press, it gives the publishers peculiar pleasure, in adding the present edition to the number, which they trust will be made extensively useful.

When the first edition was published, the author presented a copy to his respected friend, the Rev. J. Angel James,

of Birmingham, who, upon that occasion, related a thrilling anecdote relative to the apparent conversion of a condemned criminal. A ministerial friend of Mr. James had been incessant in his exertions to lead this criminal to the Saviour, and to all appearance succeeded. The condemned man expressed his sense of the horror of his sins,—shed many tears while he called them to remembrance, and even to the last moment, prior to his execution, stated his expectation of getting to Heaven. He was executed, and immediately after given to his friends for interment, when they discovered that his life was not extinct. He recovered,—went on in a course of sin, and in twelve months after, he was led to the same scaffold, where he forfeited his life for a similar crime to that for which he was first *executed*. This was told, and is now

penned, for the purpose of shewing the necessity of discriminating between the evidence of false and genuine repentance, and also with the object of exciting caution against too implicit a reliance upon the best apparent evidence, as if it were infallible. In the case of the Dying Thief, we have infallible evidence of genuine repentance, but this we have, perhaps, more from the language of Christ expressed to him than from his own dying words.

The principal design in the following narrative is simply to state the plan of salvation—to give the Scripture encouragement to the chief of sinners to embrace that salvation, and to urge upon all the necessity of fleeing at once to the cross of Jesus for mercy. The test of our acquittal at the judgment bar, and of our faith in Jesus Christ will be according to God's remembrance of our

holy life, and not according to our re-collection of a triumphant death. Matt. xxv. chap. It is not so much by death as by life that we give evidence of having faith and being saved. " His name shall be called JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins." He shall save them from continuing in their sins as well as from the punishment due to the commission of sin.  
1 John iii. chap. 3—10.

M E R C Y

TO THE

CHIEF OF SINNERS.

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ABOUT eight miles from the town of Carlow, towards the County of Kilkenny, there rises a low mountain called by the country people the "Ridge of Old Leighlin." From the village of Leighlin, which lies at its base, a road ascends over this mountain, and winds away through rather a picturesque landscape, to the clean and handsome town of Castlecomer. By the side of the mountain in the valley, which lies towards this town, resided a farmer and his wife of the name of SLY. They had in their employment a servant man named JOHN DEMPSEY, to whom his master, though a man of very violent temper, was very kind. It is stated on the best authority, that Sly and his wife lived a most miserable life for a number of years. Together

with being exceedingly passionate, he was given to habits of intoxication. It is recorded among the people of the country that he very often returned home in a state of drunkenness, and in the midst of his fits of passion gave vent to the bad feelings of his heart, by cursing and blaspheming in the most shocking manner. He has been known to drag his unfortunate wife about the room, by the hair of her head, and although the house had been her property, he has frequently kicked her from the dwelling. Their sabbaths were spent, as may be expected, in any way but in the fear of God—and, indeed, for years they seldom attended any place of worship. It may be easily imagined that a life spun out in this manner could not but lead to something bad ; for those who desecrate the holy day of God, who absent themselves from the house of prayer, and who reverence not the name of the Most HIGH, we are told, in his word, live under his righteous curse and indignation.

I was in the habit of visiting this part of the country once a fortnight, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel of our

blessed Saviour. On one evening, as the shades of night were approaching, I had just ascended the summit of the mountain, and was pursuing my way to the sequestered glen where the congregation usually assembled. The sun was now sinking beneath the western horizon, and pouring his fading lustre on the distant hills, while above me, amid the spacious vault of heaven, hung the pale moon, as if waiting for the absence of the orb of day, still to keep visible and illumine with her silvery radiance the surrounding scenery. It was winter, and nature was dismantling herself of the gay attire she wore during the cheerful and sunny days of summer. The trees were casting their leaves (fit emblem of death,) and the fields which spread away before me were nearly naked, while the dark blue mountains were lifting their lofty sides to the heavens, as if to receive the last lingering light of day. The scene was solemn, but not so solemn as that to which it formed a prelude. As I walked along, alternately meditating upon the works of God that lay in calm and quiet repose around me, and reflecting upon the portion of

God's word which that night I was to bring before the attention of the people, my mind was suddenly arrested by seeing in the distance a company of police and horsemen: they were moving towards me. In their midst, upon a car, lay a female prisoner. I enquired "what was the matter?" and was informed that a murder had been committed upon the body of WALTER SLY, and that the prisoner was taken on suspicion.

This prisoner was Mrs. Lucinda Sly, who resided in the house next that in which I was in the habit of preaching. She, however, although a professed Protestant, never attended. Her servant man, John Dempsey, a Romanist, was also apprehended, and both were committed to the gaol of Carlow, to await their trial at the ensuing assizes.

During their stay in prison, they were visited by kind Christian friends, who felt desirous to lead their minds to the only refuge for sinners—Christ Jesus. Dempsey, during his hours of solitary confinement, was in the habit of reading the New Testament, and as he possessed *intellect* of rather superior order, and *had received* a pretty good education,

he made rapid progress in understanding the SACRED VOLUME. Besides which, some Christian friends, put into his hands "Dodd's Prison Thoughts,"\* and a valuable little work, entitled, "A Dying Thief and a Dying Saviour," by the late Rev. Peter Roe, Rector of Kilkenny. These pointed out the way of salvation, which, together with the reading of God's holy WORD, and the conversation of Christian visitors, led him to rest all his hopes for salvation upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus. With these assistants he continued up to the day of his trial. His unfortunate companion in guilt was also favoured with the same opportunities. She, however, laboured under some disadvantages, for, although a Protestant, she had never learned to read. She seemed to be totally ignorant of religion, and this is not to be wondered at, when it is stated that she scarcely went to any house of worship for the last fifteen years. Together with which, the powers of her mind were rather of an inferior

\* The identical copy which he used, and which he read over several times, now lies on the table before me.

character, rendered lower still by her sinful habits of life. Her own words to me were, "I was living in hell upon earth—every Sunday was a scene of sin." By the incessant labours of those benevolent ladies who were unremitting in their endeavours to enlighten her mind, there was brought before her view, in the course of a few months, a great portion of the word of God. They read for her those parts that appeared to bear most directly upon her case, and I am glad to be able to say, from hearing her repeat some of those subjects which were read for her, that she was not a forgetful hearer.

The first time I had an opportunity of conversing with her, was about three weeks prior to her trial. I then told her in as simple language as possible, the case of David, who was guilty of crimes exactly similar to her own. When dwelling upon the enormity of his sin, I showed, how, in order to gratify his unholy desires, he caused Uriah, the husband of Bathsheba, to be murdered, (2 Sam. xii. 9, 13,) and yet he found mercy; *she immediately replied, "Oh! that was read for me, by Mrs. Batersby."*

To keep her from despair, there was brought before her notice the case of Manasseh, who had enticed Israel to idolatry, and filled Jerusalem with innocent blood, (2 Chron. xxxiii. 1—20,) and who also found mercy. To prove the willingness of God to receive the chief of sinners, and to encourage her to look to him for forgiveness, I pointed out many similar cases, viz.—Mary Magdalene, out of whom “Christ had cast seven devils,” (Mark. xvi. 9;) the woman who is emphatically called a “sinner,” and whose “sins were many,” (Luke vii. 37—50;) the adulteress, (John viii. 3—11;) the dying thief, (Luke xxiii. 42, 33;) Peter, who perjured himself in denying Jesus, (Matt. xxvi. 69—75;) and Paul who was a blasphemer, persecuting the Christians unto death, (1 Tim. i. 15; Acts ix. 1—22; xxxvi. 9—18;) and yet they all found mercy alone through Jesus Christ. I endeavoured to shew her that, even if she had never committed the crime for which she had been apprehended, she would be, nevertheless, a guilty sinner—that God calls anger murder, and that one covetous desire would bring us

in guilty before the Most HIGH. "Others," I said, "may condemn you, and think that you are particularly worthy of punishment; but the fact is this, I am guilty—we are all guilty before the Holy God, and therefore, we all deserve the flames of hell. Nothing can save any of us, but the blood of Jesus." She was very much affected during the whole of the conversation, and spoke with kindness of the friends who had been with her. While relating to her an anecdote which illustrated the love of God, in the gift of his only Son, she wept much, and seemed impressed with the greatness of his love. I was glad to hear from some of the prisoners three weeks after, that (the last night but one which she spent on earth,) they heard her relate this anecdote. As the relation of it so affected her mind, and as she perfectly understood it was meant to illustrate the love of God, in the gift of his *only Son*, it may be well to insert it here. It is recorded in history, that at one time a famine prevailed to a great extent in Germany—the inhabitants were *starving*. Among the sufferers, there

was one family consisting of a father and mother, with four children. They had moved in the higher ranks of life, but now were reduced to poverty. They were forced to sell their houses, their furniture, and clothes, to provide subsistence ; but still the famine prevailed. They took shelter in a miserable hovel, and there, without fire or covering, they remained without a morsel of food for three days. The children were clinging to their parents, crying for bread, but their parents had none to give them. The mother, almost distracted, exclaimed, " What shall we do to keep our offspring from perishing ? " The father, with tears said, " Let us sell one of them as a slave, to provide food for the rest." The mother whose heart was breaking, said, " Which of them can we part with ? " The father proposed the eldest, but the mother, looking upon that one, replied, " No, no : that is my first-born—I can never part with that one." She however said, " I will give up the next ;" but that was a little girl, the father's favourite, who, embracing the child in *his arms*, made answer, " I cannot give

up this one ; but," said he, " I will part with the other." That one was a boy, the picture of the parent ; and the mother turning her weeping eyes to its countenance, read the features of the father, and said, " My heart is wound round this one, and I can never part with it." The last one was an infant, and both exclaimed, " we cannot give up our little Benjamin ! Let us all die, and suffer death together !" Here, I immediately said to the listening prisoner, " But how great was the love of God, who so freely gave up his *only* Son, his *well-beloved* Son, Jesus Christ, to death for our sins !" Having pressed upon her the necessity of at once believing in Christ, at her own desire we had prayer, in which she joined with much fervency.

Notwithstanding the favorable symptoms which several witnessed, it is evident that her mind was still fluctuating between hope and fear, and that she was not led fully to cast her soul upon Christ ; for, while in general terms she admitted herself guilty, she did not do *so in detail*, until the last night of her *existence*. Her mind, at intervals,

clung to the earth, and occasionally she displayed a want of that *true* penitence, which is always the result of genuine conversion of the soul.

The day for the prisoner's trial arrived. It was a solemn day in Carlow. The trumpets announced the approach of the Judge to the tribunal of Justice. The Court was crowded to excess, and the prisoners were placed in the dock. The Jury was sworn, and the Counsel for the Crown stated the case. Witnesses were examined and cross-examined. Often hopes were excited, and as often extinguished. The trial continued from morning until twelve o'clock at night. The evidence collected from the different witnesses, (who were about twenty in number,) was altogether of a circumstantial character, no direct proof having been given. But as circumstantial evidence, involving no material contradiction, is always considered the most satisfactory, as it precludes the idea of previous collusion, so, on the present occasion, it was esteemed conclusive. During the commencement and progress of the investigation, which was most minute,

the impression was almost made, that they were innocent ; but as the witnesses increased, and as they passed through the severe and sifting process of cross-examination, other light shone upon the subject, which gradually dissipated the otherwise delusive impression. It was stated that MRS. SLY, the prisoner at the bar, who was now nearly fifty-six years of age, had been a widow prior to her marriage to her late husband, — that about fourteen years since, her former husband had died, and she was left in possession of a good farm and in comfortable circumstances,—that she was the mother of five children, some of whom were themselves parents, and that she was considered a good mother, a kind neighbour, and most amiable in her dispositions. A few years after the death of her first husband, she became acquainted with WALTER SLY, and they were married. He had no property whatever, and was generally considered a worthless character. Both before and after his marriage, he had been frequently seen intoxicated, and being of a quarrelsome temper, he was disliked.

by his neighbours. He had been in the habit of treating his wife in the most barbarous manner. When excited by drink, he had been known to beat her most cruelly,—to twist her hair around his hand— to drag her through the room, and sometimes to throw her into the fire; and he often used his horsewhip in driving her from the house. Upon those occasions, she used to fly to the barn or some friend's house, when instead of pouring execrations upon him who was the cause of her torture, she was wont to give vent to her wounded feelings in weeping. She had never been known to retaliate either by word or action, but on the contrary, endeavoured to pacify his turbulent spirit by acts of kindness.

The day he met with his untimely death, he had been to a fair, about fifteen miles distance, where he drank to excess, and at night returned towards home inebriated. His body was found the next morning lifeless, stretched on the ground outside his house. An incision was discovered in the back part of his head, as if produced by a mus-

ket ball. The position of the wound went to prove that it was occasioned by a shot, coming from an opposite direction to the house as he was approaching it. This idea was corroborated by the circumstance, that the country was in a very disturbed state. Many of the peasantry were leagued together in illegal societies, and were in the habit of prowling about the country, and of attacking the farm-houses in search of fire-arms. Often in their nightly visits, they were not satisfied with plundering the houses of the arms, but when they had any feeling of malignity against individuals, they frequently gave awful indulgence to that unhallowed feeling, by taking the lives of those against whom it was directed. WALTER SLY, being a Protestant, though a mere nominal one, who gave his vote at elections contrary to the wish of those nocturnal marauders, was supposed to be an object of their hate. It was therefore argued by the counsel for the prisoners, that those disturbers of the peace, must have known that SLY had been at the *Fair*, on the day in question, as it had

been his custom to attend such places—that they were aware of his being intoxicated, and consequently in a defenceless state,—that as he had been accompanied a great portion of the way home, they watched him until the fitting opportunity, and it being night, and he alone as he approached his house, they seized the convenient moment—fired at him,—and accomplished their diabolical object. In confirmation of this, it was proved that the door of the house was perforated by musket or rifle balls—that one ball, which exactly fitted the perforations—was found inside the door. Besides, shots were asserted to have been heard at a short distance from the house that night.

The evidence given up to this period of the trial, went to prove that the prisoners were innocent of the crime laid to their charge, and this idea was confirmed by the fact, that the prisoners had never attempted to make their escape, though they had every opportunity for doing so; they on the contrary remained on the premises, and were the first to give the alarm. But

as JUSTICE must have its course, and the LAW vindicated, other witnesses were called upon to give in their testimony. It was stated that the prisoner, JOHN DEMPSEY, was heard to say, that "WALTER SLY deserved to lose his life, because of his treatment to his wife," that "if *he* were in her case he would dispatch him." In addition it was proved that blood was seen on the wrist of his shirt, and in one of the rooms on the day after the murder had been committed. It was also given in evidence, that two large pistols were kept loaded in the house—that they were deposited in a locked-up trunk,—that the key was always in the possession of SLY,—and that when after his death his clothes were searched, this key was not found on his person, but discovered secreted in one of the rooms. On the morning after the awful event, it was ascertained that one of the pistols was unloaded, and, that the ball which was found inside the door, exactly fitted the calibre of this pistol, and also the perforations made in the door. A quantity of balls likewise was *found in the trunk along with the pis-*

tols, with which the one found perfectly corresponded. It was likewise stated, that the watch of SLY, not having been discovered on his person, search was made for it, and after many fruitless attempts, it was found hidden in a haystack convenient to the house. This at once removed the impression that the crime had been perpetrated by the lawless gangs, who were in the habit of attacking the inhabitants; for had they been the guilty party, no doubt *they* would have taken the watch with them.

The Judge then, in summing up the evidence said, "Gentlemen of the jury, this is a most solemn case, which in all its details has been brought before your notice, and occupied your attention for upwards of fourteen hours. You have the evidence on both sides before you, for your review and calm reflection. The witnesses have been fully examined, and all that could possibly be brought forward for the purpose of eliciting truth, has been produced. This, the majesty of JUSTICE has demanded, and the violated LAW required. This too, was necessary, that

the peace and security of society might be preserved ; and I may also add, that the life or death of the prisoners, depending upon the fullest investigation, equity to them likewise required it. The most ample testimony has been given, and given apparently, I am happy to say, impartially. None has appeared here to-day, in my opinion, who has been biassed in the least degree, by feeling or a desire to fix guilt where guilt should not be placed. It is now for you, gentlemen, to deliberate calmly upon this awful and momentous subject. Remember that the lives of two fellow-beings depend upon your verdict. You have listened most attentively to the evidence on the one side and on the other. You have heard the evidence in favour of the prisoners.

—The character of the woman, being that of a most praiseworthy description, and that of the young man, as being that of a good and faithful servant. You have also heard the testimony describing WALTER SLY, the deceased, who had been the husband of the female prisoner, as being that of *a most debased and ferocious character.*

But you are not to suffer the amiable character of the one prisoner, nor the trustworthy character of the other, to bias your judgment in the least degree,—nor are your feelings to be at all swayed, nor your reason shifted from its pivot, by the awful description of the conduct of the deceased towards her, who was his wife. You must remember, gentlemen, that THIS is the tribunal which is to pass the sentence of punishment upon the guilty. The Sceptre of JUSTICE is not to be snatched from the grasp of those who have been thought competent to wield it. The Law is not to be trampled upon with impunity by any, and no infringement is to be allowed upon the prerogative of that power, which stands immutable, to give protection to the defenceless and retribution to those who invade their rights. The issues of life and death belong alone to God; and the individual who attempts to take that away, which none but God, who gave, can give, stands branded before the universe as a murderer, and the irrevocable sentence of the Almighty is stamped upon him,—“ Whoso shed-

deth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man."\* The power is delegated unto us to try the accused—to acquit the innocent,—and to punish the guilty. Although in the process of this trial, gentlemen, your feelings may, for the moment so far have gotten the better of your judgment as to have led you to think, that a husband who had sworn to love and protect his wife, had forsaken his marriage vow, and acted in the cruel manner described, deserved the punishment with which he met, yet you are not to suffer your judgment to be dethroned, nor her authority to be usurped by mere feeling. Go coolly and deliberately, and decide upon the question, in a manner becoming the magnitude and momentousness of the subject. If you believe, from the testimony given, that sufficient evidence has not been produced to criminate one or both of the prisoners, although there may be at the same time, scarcely any doubt of their guilt in your mind, yet you cannot

\* Gen. ix. 6.

bring in a verdict of guilty, while there is wanting that fulness of evidence, which can clear away even the shadow of a doubt. Mercy must incline us to be anxious to save, where it can be done without infringement upon the attributes of JUSTICE.

You have heard that the country was in a disturbed state, about the time that this sad event happened, arising from the lawless proceedings of those miserable beings, who like the wolves and beasts of prey, make choice of the darkness of night for their deeds of daring and of death,—of their entering the houses of the inoffensive and peaceable inhabitants, for the purpose of plundering them of the means of defence, and sometimes of their wreaking their vengeance upon the defenceless. The death of WALTER SLY has been attributed to their ferocious spirit. The wound in the back of his head, received, as supposed by some as he was approaching his house, would almost suggest this suspicion; but on the other hand it is known, that in consequence of the activity of a vigilant police, those wretched beings, who

have heretofore disturbed the country, have not visited that particular district in which the crime was committed for some time past. Again, the wound might have been made in that particular spot in order to screen the guilt from the prisoners, by suggesting that it came from another source. It may have been done in order the more effectually to evade the scrutiny of the law ; and this appears almost beyond a doubt to have been the case, from the fact, of one of the two pistols having been found unloaded. That pistol was probably used for that purpose, as well as in perforating the door with balls for the same object—namely, of drawing off suspicion from those really guilty, and for creating the idea that the crime was committed by an armed party from without the house. The identity of the ball found inside the door with the balls in the trunk would almost prove this. The removal of the watch from the person of the deceased strengthens this opinion also ; and fortunately for justice that watch was not *destroyed*, but hidden, and hidden too *on the premises*. If the watch had not

been found, much obscurity would have remained to envelope the subject in mystery, and to dim the vision of the most discerning. *But why was not the watch destroyed?—why was it secreted in that particular place?—who was it guided the thoughts and led the hand to the very spot where it was discovered?* Doubtless there was an eye which none can evade, watching the whole proceedings, determining to “bring to light the hidden things of darkness.”

It has been said in defence of the prisoners, that they remained in the house, made no effort to escape, though they had every opportunity to have done so, and that they were the first to make known the fate of the murdered man and to give the alarm. But who does not see the drift of their conduct in this particular, that is, if their design had been to give the impression that they were innocent. Do you not see that this may have been done for the purpose of removing suspicion from themselves? Had they fled, there would have been no difficulty whatever, in fixing the guilt at once in the

proper place. Their remaining was in perfect harmony with their other proceedings, if it was their design to produce the belief that the crime was perpetrated by others. Then the fact of the threatening language of Dempsey heard on two occasions by the witnesses, and the fact of the blood being discovered on the arm of his shirt and in one of the rooms, you have heard in evidence. Still, gentlemen, I would reiterate what I have already said, that if the least doubt remains on your minds, you cannot pronounce them guilty. Let cool, clear reason and conscience, aided by slow reflection, guide you. Remember that the Searcher of hearts requires you to give the result of a calm and dispassionate deliberation upon the whole case. Justice and the Law require this at your hands—the welfare of society and your own domestic security require it ; and, gentlemen, let me say most solemnly, your own conscience and your oath before the living God require it. Gentlemen retire, and I will wait your return."

*At this, the solemn hour of mid-*

night the Jury retired to consider the merits of the case. In their absence everything bore the stillness of the grave: this was a time of trembling suspense. They returned, and the awful word GUILTY!! fell like the terrific sound of death upon the ears of the poor prisoners. The Judge now placed upon his head the emblem of death,\* and pronounced, in the most solemn manner, the sentence of the law—that on Monday they should be led forth for execution. He besought them, as they could find no mercy from man, to look to their God, who has promised forgiveness to the chief of sinners. At the conclusion of the announcement, his Lordship was overcome by his feelings, and sunk upon his chair.

The immense crowd, with the criminals, now left the court, and the procession moved slowly and silently along. The night was, indeed, dark and gloomy. The few glimmering lights that sparkled here and there, amid the dense multitude, cast their

\* The black cap used on these occasions.

sickly beams through the surrounding gloom, as if to discover the pale and death-like countenances of the condemned, while the bright swords and bayonets borne by the guards, flashed back their rays, and told that they were the instruments of death.

What a scene to be improved! How it should remind us of that day of final retribution, when all shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body—when we, like the prisoners, must stand to hear our eternal doom! The books shall be opened, and we shall be judged out of the things written in those books. Christ then will pronounce the irrevocable sentence, “Depart, ye cursed,” or “Come, ye blessed.” What will be our plea? We are now guilty, and deserve eternal damnation, and if we desire to escape, we must at once look alone to the blood of Jesus the Saviour: if not we are undone. “He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.” Mark xvi. 16.

The ultimate confession of the *prisoners* proved that the verdict of

"guilty," was correct. The day on which the awful act was committed, WALTER SLY returned from the fair intoxicated. He entered the house and as usual commenced blaspheming and beating his wife. He caught her by the hair with one hand, and beat her with his whip with the other,—he dragged her to the door and threw her out, and followed her, cutting her with his whip. She flew to the barn, where she remained crying for some time. Afterwards she returned to the house, and silently crept in. She found him asleep at the fire, his elbow resting on the table, and his head reclining on his hand. At this moment the servant Dempsey, entered; and quickly and excitedly, she said—“*Now is the time!*” The young man took up a hatchet and with the back of it, gave him a wounding blow on the temple. SLY stood up, and staggered; when Dempsey terrified at what he had done, was about to let fall the hatchet; but the instantaneous fear that unless he accomplished the object he should be detected, urged his strength and he repeated the blow. The man imme-

diateley fell and expired. He was then taken outside the house, and the pistol (as had been suspected) discharged into the back of his head, and other shots fired through the door. This was done with the intention of creating the belief that he had fallen by other hands.

Thus we have a melancholy proof of the truth of the Scriptures, that "*where lust is conceived it bringeth forth sin, and when sin is finished it bringeth forth death.*" When the momentary thought which might have been in a moment suppressed, is suffered to continue, like the spark in the midst of fuel, it soon becomes a flame, and burns on until it cannot be extinguished. In the present instance *three immortal* beings were hurried into an invisible world, by the influence of an unallowed instantaneous thought. One of them in an unprepared state, and the others forced out of this life by an ignominious and shameful death. Thus it was with the two thieves, at the crucifixion. One would not repent, and he died hardened and in his sins, as an evidence of the JUSTICE of God ; the other

repented and obtained pardon as a proof of the MERCY of the same God. Thus the proofs of the same attributes continue still. The JUSTICE of the Almighty, quick to punish the impenitent, and his MERCY as quick to pardon those repenting and returning, through Jesus Christ.

*Intemperance* was the originating cause of all this misery and woe,—the horror, the suffering, and death, which the individuals here described endured,—the insatiable love for the inebriating cup. Oh, how many has it ruined in body and in soul? Other sins have destroyed its thousands; but this its tens of thousands.

The morning after the trial, I hastened to the gaol. On entering the apartment, I saw the poor culprit surrounded with other prisoners. I shook hands with her, and commenced speaking to her as well as I could; but the Matron, who was sitting near her, said it was useless, that her mind was quite insensible. Intending, however, to speak to the other prisoners through her, I made some remarks. After some time she became collected, and listened with attention. I told her that

I, with those around her, were guilty sinners in the sight of God, and deserved eternal condemnation, while I urged her, at the same time, to look to Jesus, who was full of love and mercy. At her own desire, we knelt down and had prayer. I put several questions to her as to her state of mind, and conversed with her for a considerable time. Before I came away, she requested all to leave the ward, excepting her son and myself, and this was for the purpose of begging of me "to see the Judge, to implore of him to allow her a long day, as her mind was not in a fit state to enter eternity." "All I desire," she said, "is that you and other Christian friends, who have been speaking to me about my soul, may still come. I only want to hear more from them about Christ." And here I cannot but rejoice in God, that his Holy Spirit had inclined those pious persons to devote their time to such a holy work. What cause for blessing God they now have, who sent them there to sow the seed of his *imperishable word!* They may now partake of that joy which angels feel, when they re-

joyce over one sinner who repenteth.  
And what encouragement to persevere  
in this "work of faith and labour of  
love."

According to promise I saw the  
Judge,\* and laid the matter before  
him. His Lordship seemed most an-  
xious that her mind should be led to  
reflect upon the great concerns of an  
eternal world, and therefore said that  
he would not decide without consult-  
ing Baron Smith, and reflecting with  
him upon the subject. In some time af-  
ter, he sent the decisive message, that  
her request could not be granted.  
When I told her the result, she put  
her hands together, and lifting her  
eyes to heaven, said, with meekness,  
"The Lord's will be done—I have no  
hope here—I must now look to God."

He who was to be her fellow-suf-  
ferer received his sentence with much  
composure. In fact, his mind had been  
prepared for the worst. I have stated  
before, that he had been perusing the  
New Testament, that holy volume,  
whose province is to make wise unto

\* The Lord Chief Justice Bushe.

salvation. The little work, entitled, "The Dying Thief," was also greatly blessed in expanding his views, and in leading him to see into the glorious plan of salvation revealed in the Gospel. These, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, were his instructors. Man had nothing to do in his case. He was now under the sentence of death, and it was during this trying time that we were given to see the astonishing triumph of grace over nature. Instead of sinking into sullen despair, invoking vengeance on his persecutors and accusers, or mourning his untimely fate, he appeared with the steady calmness of an aged Christian. In the prospect of a speedy enjoyment of his anticipated rest, he quietly resigned his forfeited life to satisfy the demands of justice. He gave glory to God, by unreservedly confessing his guilt, and owning the justice of his sentence.

Sometime after his return from the Court-house, the friend who lent him "Dodd's Prison Thoughts," before alluded to, came to see him in his cell, and said, "John I am very sorry for you—I sympathise deeply in your

case.” “I thank you from by heart,” he answered, and reaching out his hand affectionately, said, “I know you are ; but God’s will be done. I expected this, and made up my mind for what has taken place ; and now I wish publicly to thank you for the book you lent me—under God it has been a great blessing to me. I think I now should be in despair, only for it; but I hope by my Saviour’s blood, to find a full pardon for all my guilt.”

On the morning of Saturday, a Christian friend obtained his permission to visit him ; he was sitting in his cell, in irons, under the care of two of the officers of the prison. The visitor said, “My dear friend, I regret your unfortunate end : O that sin should have so fatally blinded your mind as to bring you to this sad state !” “I thank you much,” he replied, “but I hope all will yet be well—I only receive the due reward of my deeds ; but I look upon the Judge who sentenced me, and the witnesses who convicted me, as among my best friends.” A person standing by, then said, “I trust you have a well-founded hope

that your sins are forgiven, and your iniquities covered, through the atoning blood of Christ. You know that St. John tells us that ‘his blood cleanseth from all sin.’” (1 John i. 7.) “Yes, yes,” said he, “‘*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I have more than a hope* that my sins, black and detestable as they are, have been washed away in that blood,—what else could make me happy and calm in this awful hour, expecting a shameful death, which will carry me to the judgment-seat of Christ in a few hours? If I looked to the world, what comfort could it give me? It would only tell me to sorrow that my life was about to be cut off in the midst of my youth, and that my prospects were blasted by the ignominious death I am to suffer. I do not regret that I am so soon to leave this world. If God had cut me off before I came to this place, as he justly might, what would have become of me? Or if I were allowed to live my full time, might I not at the end be more unwilling to die, and be more unfit to die *too, than I am now?*” A friend here *remarked*, “John, we rejoice to see

you so happy ; to die in that state of mind will be joy indeed ; which of us may not envy you ? ” “ Yes, thank God,” he quietly answered, “ God has done much for me. It is all the work of the Holy Spirit. I would not go back to the world, nor live my time over again for any thing this world could offer.” Dempsey having been brought up in the Roman Church, another friend present, apprehensive that he might have had some belief in the “ Intercession of Saints,” said, “ I hope all your dependance is on the Saviour ; you know he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.” “ God forbid,” he answered with emphasis, “ that I should depend on any one else. Christ is the only mediator between God and man.” “ There is one difficulty,” said the friend, “ which those who seek the intercession of the saints and angels cannot get over, and if it be not disagreeable to you I will just state it.” “ You are very welcome to me,” he said : “ do not think that I look upon any thing you say as disagreeable ; I find great profit in listening to you.” — “ I would

not distress you for a moment, satisfied that your faith is built upon the Lord Jesus alone ; but, as you kindly express yourself willing to converse with me, as one who has obtained mercy, to be faithful, I will state the difficulty. "Do you believe that God alone possesses the attribute of omnipresence?" "Yes," he replied. "Do you think that the saints, &c. are present to hear those who pray to them in various quarters of the world at the same time ? If they can hear those who pray in America, Spain, France, Ireland, &c., surely they must be omnipresent." After a short pause, he said, "I do not believe that." "If we had a scripture precept, my dear John," said his friend, "we might think it right to pray to them; but the Scriptures uniformly discountenence such a practice. We read of the blessed Virgin, 'magnifying the *Lord* with her soul,' and 'rejoicing in God HER SAVIOUR.'\* She said, at one time, 'What-

\* The reader is requested to refer to the following passages of Scripture, and others interspersed throughout these pages, and to read the parts with which they are connected :

"*And Mary said, my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Sa-*

soever *He saith* unto you, do it.” John ii. 5. And HE tells us to worship God only.

The poor fellow thoughtfully made answer, “ I depend on Christ alone, and ‘ He is able to save to the uttermost,’ I am sure. The Roman Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of the intercession of saints for reasons I cannot give ; but the Scriptures are the safest guide.” “ Continue,” said the friend, “ looking unto Jesus ; ‘ he has borne our sins,’ and ‘ was made a curse for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him ; ’ continue looking

VIOUR ; for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden.—Luke i. 46, 47, 48. Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind.—Coll. 2. 18. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan : for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Matt. iv. 10. And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet and worshipped him. But Peter took him up, saying, stand up : I myself also am a man.—Acts x. 25, 26.” And I, (John) fell at his (the angel’s) feet to worship him. And he saith unto me, See thou *do it* not ; I am thy fellow-servant and of the brethren that have the testimony of Jesus ; worship God.—Rev. xix. 10.

37.) Here he got difficulty to the ci  
drew back to get a  
rose to come away.  
and affectionately sai  
that I am tired of y  
cause I stand up. N  
to you with pleasure  
cannot express my t  
kindness." "John,"  
friends, "we have bee  
happy Mrs. Sly, and we  
we are going to her agai  
recollect any little incid  
awaken and profit her, t  
you to her. You know  
not the advantages of yo  
and education, which yo  
with." "N

was happy, and in peace with God before she dies. I will try to think of something against the next time you come. O ! tell her to be praying to Christ, and that His blood will wash away her sins, though they be like scarlet. Tell her how happy I am ; and that, though I should be more sorry to leave the world than she is, seeing that I had a prospect of living longer in it, yet I long to depart, as I have a hope of getting to a better world."

He continued to the last in this happy state. The night before his execution, a friend asked him if he would like a cup of tea ; to which he answered, " I want no more bodily food in this world—the food of the soul is most wanted now." To every one that visited him, he expressed his heartfelt thanks, and seemed grateful for the smallest favour. The friend who lent him " Dodd's Prison Thoughts," again calling on him, he repeated his thanks, and said, " Blessed be God, I never felt so happy before. I am longing for the hour to come that I shall be introduced into the presence of my Saviour. I am thankful to those who brought

me in guilty ; and if the Judge who sentenced me were to say to me to-morrow on the scaffold, ‘ John Dempsey, go home to your friends again,’ I would not give up the prospect before me to accept the offer. No ! I am speaking thoughtfully—I feel more than I can express in words,”

On Friday night the sentence of death was passed, and during the Saturday, and the whole of the Lord’s day, the female prisoner was visited by Christian friends. The Sabbath now closed, and I determined to stay with her the entire of the night. I had the company of a pious young man who proposed to do the same. In retrospect of the scene which we then witnessed, we have every reason to thank God who inclined us to do so. We rejoice that we enjoyed the privilege, and I trust we shall ever remember it with gratitude. This being the night before the execution, we spent it in alternately conversing, praying, and reading with her. We said all that we thought could profit her. The poor woman acknowledged to us that she *was guilty* of the crime laid to her

charge, and that she justly deserved the punishment which she was about to suffer. She relied, she said, upon the blood of Christ alone : but although at her own request we frequently prayed with her, and although she often retired to the corner of the ward for private prayer, she did not give as yet full and complete evidence of a radical change of heart. We have, however, every reason to think that she was earnestly seeking it. We are told to “distinguish things that differ.”

Having heard of the happy state of mind of him who had been her companion in guilt, I felt anxious to converse with him, that I might ascertain the ground of his hope. About the hour of midnight, we passed down through the long dark narrow passage, which led to his cell, and although a cell, it was cheerful in every sense of the word. The prisoner was sitting calm and tranquil, with a book in his hand. His ankles were chained with a thick iron chain, and a fire burned brightly before him. I shook hands with him, and said, “I am glad to hear that your mind is happy, and that you

expect to enter heaven after death." He thanked me, and said, with much calmness, "I am happy, and do expect to enter heaven when I die." I then asked him on what that expectation was founded. His countenance brightened, and opening his eyes, which had been partly closed, said most emphatically, "On the merits and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour, *alone*." The word *alone*, I remarked, was the *last* word in the sentence, which he pronounced with great emphasis. I then said, "I am delighted to hear this testimony," and recurred to the case of the dying thief. "He had nothing to plead," I remarked, "for he was actually one of the two who railed upon our blessed Lord; and yet, before he expired, his heart was changed by the grace of God, and he cried, 'Lord, remember me,' &c.; and to him Christ said, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' He had no good works; and yet, before he departed, *he* found mercy through the blood of JESUS." The book which the prisoner had been reading, and which lay on his lap, he *now took up*, and pointed to the place

where he had just been reading, which happened to be that of the dying thief: he remarked the coincidence. We then conversed together on the salvation of the Gospel; and I repeated that beautiful hymn, of which, I have been since told, he was very fond, and parts of which he used to repeat:

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel’s veins ;  
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic’d to see,  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, as vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom’d church of God  
 Be sav’d, to sin no more.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I’ll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stamm’ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.”

Having had some more conversation, in which the young man before mentioned joined, I was about to come away. He then stood up, shook hands with us, and said in a loud and empha-

tic voice, “ It is very kind, gentlemen, in you to come to see me ; I do not regret being here ; No ! I bless God that I came into this prison, for here I have learned to place my dependance upon the Lord Jesus Christ. My trust and confidence is in him **ALONE**. His precious blood is sufficient to cleanse from all sin,—My soul is happy. I am going to suffer that death which I deserve ; but I deserve eternal death. Jesus Christ, however, has died for the chief of sinners ; and he has said, ‘ Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.’ I am *sure* of this. I am longing for the hour to come that I may ‘ depart to be with Christ, which is far better.’ Oh yes ! and if I were standing on the drop, about to enter eternity, and were the Sheriff to come with the King’s pardon, I would prefer leaving the world to go to be with Christ.” The last words he said with mingled feelings of humility and delight. He expressed a desire to see her, who with himself, was so soon to suffer. Next to his own, he said, “ he longed for the salvation of her soul.” *We parted*, with him reflecting on the

power of Divine Grace, and saying,  
“is not this a brand plucked out of  
the fire?”

We then went to her for whose spiritual welfare we principally came to spend the night. We told her the happy state of him with whom we had just been. She was glad to hear it and said, “Ah! it was that little book (alluding to *Dodd's Prison Thoughts*) which Mrs. —— gave him, that did that for him.” We shewed her the ground of his hope, which was Christ Jesus alone, and told her that it was the word of God that taught him that.

About half an hour after, Dempsey, at his earnest request was permitted to see her. On his way down, his irons having been taken off, he said—“Another journey down here will terminate my mortal career. I shall be able, I hope, to despise the shame, and rise above the opinions of those who shall witness my death to-morrow.” “O yes,” he added, “I am at peace with God and all the world; and I could bear any thing that I may be called on to suffer from the devil or man, for I know that God will not leave me in the

trying moment, as he has worked so great a change in me, and bestowed on me what I do not deserve." On going a little further he said, "I would go to the gates of hell, if I could be instrumental in saving one soul from the flames that await them." While standing at the entrance of the ward, till his presence was announced, he said, "Do you observe how I tremble? We are commanded to work out our salvation with fear and trembling; but what could we do if the Spirit of God did not help us?"

The interview with his fellow-sufferer was such as angels might contemplate with delight. We listened with breathless silence, while he remonstrated, exhorted, admonished, and affectionately entreated her to "seek the Lord while he may be found." He was naturally silent and reserved; but he now spoke with the greatest fluency and in the language of love, as one who deeply felt what he uttered. The scene has been indelibly impressed on the minds of those who were privileged to witness it. Not wishing to depend on *my own* recollection of his language, I

shall give the substance of what he said, in his own words, as they were written down by a person who was present. Having seated himself near her, he said with energy, "Well, do you think how near you are to death, and are you satisfied to die—or would you rather die, or be set at liberty?" She answered, "I don't know:" and after a pause, "I would rather be set at liberty." "And why would you rather be set at liberty? Ought not I to be *sorrier* to die than you? You know you could not live long at best, and what signifies the short sufferings of death that we must undergo to-morrow? They will be over in a few minutes. You know we deserve a worse death. Oh! why are you not praying, and looking to Christ for the salvation of your poor soul? Don't you know that there is another judgment before you, and there no witnesses nor jury will be wanted? And if your sins are not forgiven through the blood of Christ, there is a second death that will last for ever. Oh think of that: it is not yet too late; as short as your time is, the *blood of Christ* can cleanse you from

all these sins. Don't you believe that the precious blood of Jesus is sufficient to wash away the sins of thousands of people?" — After a pause, he proceeded — " You know I was more a faithful servant to you, and you ought to speak, and answer a few questions which I am about to put to you. It is the last time we shall meet, till we stand before our GREAT JUDGE; and it would give me great pleasure to know that you were at peace with your offended God, and willing to die. Do you be thinking of what these gentlemen do be saying to you,—and looking to JESTS for the salvation of your soul?" " I do be trying, John," she said, " but you know I am not like you; I have a poor, stupid, shattered brain, and I can't think of much." " Well," said he, " be praying to Christ, and he will make you well." He then said, will you remember just two short sentences that I am going to say?" She answered; " Yes." " Well, now think of this—the Dying Thief prayed ' Lord remember me,' and Christ said, ' To-day shalt thou be *with me* in Paradise.' Pray to Jesus, and he will answer you as he did that

sinner. I look upon the judge who sentenced me to the death I am going to suffer, and those who had a hand in my prosecution, as my best friends. If I were to live longer, and then die in my sins, what would this world be to me? Oh! remember you will have the more to answer for, after having so much done to lead you to Christ, by these gentlemen; and your time now, at farthest, is but a few hours! Turn to God, then, I beg of you, and repent of your sins. Think that you soon will have done with this world, and then it will be ETERNITY; and after millions, and millions, of ages have passed away, it will but be beginning still—and may God help you to think of this *before it is too late.* Amen."

He then stood up and said, "The power of all the men in the world cannot change the heart. Men could not change my heart—it is God alone can do it." At this moment a Catholic young gentleman sat down near her, and said, "Do you believe that there is a God, and a heaven, and a hell?—Do you believe that the Church has power to absolve from sin?" A Chris-

tian minister being present, immediately said to him, “ My dear friend, that is an error. I know you are sincere, but with the greatest affection to you, I must say that you are in darkness upon the subject ; ” and then pointing to the prisoner, said, ‘ There is a young man who knows the truth ; he has it within him ; he has been taught of the Spirit of God, and, therefore, when he was speaking to the poor woman, he directed her alone to the blood of Christ.’ The young gentleman then very mildly said, “ Well, I hope God may open my eyes and give me his grace. Amen.”

Dempsey was now led back to his cell, and the writer saw him no more till he appeared on the scaffold ; but he has been informed by those who conversed with him, that his mind was stayed on Christ to the last—that his tranquillity and joy were heightened as his end approached. When about to ascend the place of execution, he said, “ I have now put on the last robe I shall wear in this world,” pointing to the white dress in which he was to be executed, “ but it is not the last for ever ; there is another robe which has

been ‘made white in the blood of the Lamb,’ which I hope soon to put on.”

As the hours of night were fast rolling away, we were reminded that the awful hour was approaching. I was going to read, when she said, “Let us kneel down and pray.” I then said, “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. Believe that the work of Christ is a finished work. Believe, that when our blessed Saviour hung on the cross and cried, ‘It is finished,’ that then all the suffering for sinners was finished, and that you can add nothing to it.” She then suddenly said, “*Can I add nothing to it?* Where then, is the use of going to prayer?” We replied, “we go to prayer to implore God to give you his Spirit to enable you to believe that the work of salvation has been finished by the Lord Jesus Christ.” At this her countenance brightened, and fixing her eyes on me, she said, “*If I could believe that,* I would go to the gallows rejoicing.” We then knelt down, and poured out our soul in prayer, that God would “give her the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sin.” Both now,

and at intervals during the night, she wept much, as we spoke to her of the redemption of Jesus.

Towards morning, as I was sitting alone with her, she got up, and when she saw the light of the early dawn breaking in through the windows of the prison, she gave a momentary shudder, and rubbing her cold hands together, said, "The chill of death is coming over me. This is the last day I have to live." She then turned to the fire to warm herself; I said to her, "Poor soul, do not be thinking of your own death, but *think of the death of Jesus*, and he will take the sting away." She then sat down; and, believing that it would be better for her to *meditate* upon the sufferings of her Lord and Saviour, I said again—"Now think all about Christ our blessed Redeemer. He is full of love! 'He waits to be gracious.'"

She remained in silence for some time, and afterwards knelt down and prayed secretly, with seeming fervour. The whispers of her soul were, "Lord *Jesus*, wash my guilty soul! Lord, wash me with thy blood!" After some

time, she reclined upon her bed, and fell into a sweet sleep. It was now within twenty-five minutes of seven o'clock, and I retired for a little rest. Soon after she awoke, the Chaplain, the Rev. J. Jameson, came to console her. Having read the twenty-fifth Psalm, and made a few appropriate remarks, they united in prayer at her own desire. She was then asked, "Do you think you are at peace with God?" She said, "I hope I am." "Why do you hope so?" "Because," she replied, "I feel my need of Christ, and have fled to him for pardon." "Do you love Christ, then?" "Oh! yes," she said, with energy, "I do love him, and trust my soul upon him." While listening to the explanation of the nature and design of the Lord's Supper, she remarked, "What love it was for Christ to suffer that way for us! Oh! *we ought to love him much.*"

After a few hours she was removed up into a small cell until the fatal hour arrived. A brother minister (the Rev. H. Hare) now joined us. He sat down near her, and opening the Book of God, *read for her those passages of Scrip-*

ture which he thought most appropriate. I pray God that we may never forget the delightful scene which we then had the privilege of witnessing. Her soul seemed to be melted within her; while her tears of holy sorrow flowed profusely, and the aspirations of her spirit to that God who delights to hear prayer, indicated the power of Divine grace, that can enlighten and subdue the most obdurate.

The feelings of deep humiliation and self-abasement were the most prominent, while her simple expressions gave evidence of her love to Christ, and her "desire to be found in him." At one time she said, "I did not leave my sins till I was *drove* to it." When asked, "If she would like to take the Lord's Supper?" the humble soul said to her fellow mortals, "Yes, if you don't think I am too wicked." Sometimes she remained silent, but her lips moved: we caught the breathings of her spirit—they were, "Lord, wash me, wash my guilty soul!" It was said to her, "Jesus, the Good Shepherd, *gave his life for the sheep.*" She immediately said, "We are bad sheep."

Her soul seemed to be completely subdued, and full of love and charity to all. Tidings came that the time had expired, and the fatal moment arrived. The door of her cell was opened, and the guard appeared to guide her to the scaffold. All her tears were dried up, and a serene calmness pervaded her countenance. Having taken an affectionate farewell of the other prisoners, she was led to the place of execution. She was conducted up the narrow flight of stone steps, and along the narrow dark passage. Here the covering of death was placed on her, but no murmur nor sigh escaped her lips. She stood with the greatest quietness, and gently laid her arms by her side, while with a thick rope they were *pinioned* to her body. I said to her, "Ah! think of Jesus, who before now, for our sins, was 'brought as a lamb to the slaughter.' He, too, 'was taken from *prison* and judgment,' and led forth to execution. He now sees and sympathises with you. *Think, oh, think of him!*" Some appropriate passages of Scripture were repeated to her by those who attended her. One of the Lord's

servants said to her, "Do you feel the Lord Jesus present, now that you are about to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death?" She calmly looked up, and said, "I do."

While we stood here, there was a long and painful delay, occasioned by some mismanagement of the machinery; but even this was overruled for good. It served to give an opportunity of witnessing the patience and tranquillity of the prisoner as she calmly endured the horrific delay. While the grating sounds of the iron bolts and engine connected with the drop, sent terror into every one present, and while our minds were greatly excited lest this interruption, together with the shouts of the assembled thousands, should disturb the spirit of her who leaned on her spiritual friends for support, I looked at her, but she was not disturbed! Her serene and placid countenance indicated the possession of that "Peace of God which passeth all understanding." Her subdued soul was at rest, and being full of love, she turned her head round, and kissed the *cheeks of those on whom she rested,*

and who had “spoken unto her the word of life.” Here I saw the exemplification of that text, “to dwell in love is to dwell in God, and God in us!” (1 John iv. 15.) I then asked her, “Are you happy?”—She said, “I am.” “Would you wish to die?”—She answered, “Yes.” “Tell me, why?”—She replied, “Because I am going to heaven.” “How will you get there?”—She humbly said, “Through the blood of the Lord Jesus.” Her head having reclined on her chest, I put my hand to her forehead to support it; but she said, “Let me rest it on my chest, for that will be better.” At this moment I looked round, and saw him who, with her, was about to enter eternity. I scarcely knew him, he was so much improved in his appearance. He stood erect; his eyes expanded and bright—while a calm heavenly smile beamed from his fine pale countenance, as he prayed in the words of Stephen, the dying Martyr, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!” (Acts vii. 50.) I repeated the words in the hearing of her whose weak body we were supporting. Her lips moved, and my ear caught the

whispers of her soul as they ascended to heaven, and those whispers were—“Lord! into thy hands I commit my spirit.” “Lord Jesus! receive my spirit.” The signal was given, and she was assisted to the—I will not say it—awful spot. I saw them stand! I turned away, and my soul cried “Lord Jesus! receive their spirits.” At eighteen minutes to three, P. M. the drop fell, and I am told by those who beheld them fall, that in a moment their sufferings were ended. When taken down, it was observed by those who saw them, that their countenances bore a sweet and placid expression.

To dispute with any man as to the *faith* in which they died, would be worse than idle—it would be mere trifling. And as soon could I, for one, be induced to doubt the existence of the sun in the firmament, while I see his cheerful light, and feel his vivifying beams, as that a work of grace was wrought in their souls—and that they were “born again”—“not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of man, but of God.”—John i. 13.

*The following is extracted from one of the Carlow papers :—*

EXECUTION OF LUCINDA SLY AND JOHN  
DEMPSEY.

“ On Monday, at half-past two o’clock, the above unfortunate persons underwent the extreme penalty of the law, in front of the county gaol. Dempsey was perfectly resigned to his fate, acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and made a full confession of the murder. His conduct before his execution was most exemplary, and to some gentlemen who visited him in his cell, about twelve o’clock, he declared that “ *he would not change his position then for any earthly consideration; that he was certain of pardon for all his offences, through the BLOOD OF CHRIST—that he was never so happy since he attained the age of reason—and that as Christ pardoned the penitent thief, so he expected mercy through the all-sufficient ATONEMENT OF HIS REDEEMER.* ” When his sister visited him, he preserved his usual calmness, and took his leave of her with the greatest firmness, telling her, at the same time, that instead of being sorrowful, she should rejoice at his fate, and his certain prospect of eternal

*happiness.* Mrs. Sly appeared *also perfectly resigned*, and was attended by the Rev. Messrs. Hare and Blood, who continued in prayer with her in the cell until she was led forth for execution; they remained with her on the scaffold to the last. Dempsey, on being visited by Captain Battersby, warmly shook him by the hand, and acknowledged his gratitude to him for his attention, kindness, and strict justice, throughout the entire proceedings.

“The open space in front of the gaol, and the fields opposite, were crowded from a very early hour, by an immense concourse of people. A party of the 1st Royal Dragoons, and a body of police, were drawn up in front of the gaol, and at two o’clock the culprits were led from their cells.”

Here let me add some reflections. It is delightful to reflect upon the power of the grace of God, in the salvation of souls. In the case of the two individuals, whose spirits, washed in the blood of the Lamb, have taken their flight to the eternal realms of *celestial bliss*, we have a striking *exemplification* of the expressive decla-

ration of the Apostle Paul, that “ where sin abounded grace did much more abound.”—Rom. v. 20. In the case of Dempsey, we have seen the Spirit of God leading him at once to Christ alone for refuge, and this in opposition to previously formed notions. When the grace of God enlightens the mind, darkness must flee away. He saw himself a sinner of the deepest dye, and having read the Word of God, he learned that *nothing* but the precious blood of Jesus could wash away so deep a stain as sin. His soul was therefore raised above the belief of the efficiency of any external rites or ceremonies to add virtue to that omnipotent remedy. This was sufficient, and to this alone he fled; and like the wounded Israc-lite who looked upon the brazen serpent, and was healed—so he looked by faith to Christ upon the cross, and the deadly poison of sin was overcome, and he obtained life, eternal life, through the Lord Jesus Christ ALONE. Hence he was led to dwell perpetually upon this glorious theme. His mind soared aloft to Christ, the Sun of righteousness, and attracted by his glory, he did not

contend when he knew contention would be vain.

In the case of Mrs. Sly, the process of conversion was slow; but though slow, it was deep and permanent. Her mind was led gradually to embrace fully the Saviour. Her crime was great, but not too great to be forgiven. By the Spirit of God she was led to see her guilt, and therefore she abhorred herself. God gave to her the "broken heart, and the contrite spirit," (Psalm LI.) and won her soul by the constraining Power of his grace. The deep penitence—the holy sorrow—the mingled tears of grief and gratitude for sins committed and mercy received, evinced the goodness and loving kindness of God, unto whom nothing is impossible.

They were sinners saved by grace, from first to last, and being taught by that gracious Spirit, whose office it is to take of the things of Christ, and shew them unto the soul, they were prepared to unite in the song of redeeming grace—"Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in HIS OWN BLOOD,

&c. to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever, Amen," Rev. i. 5.

My dear friend, whoever you are, into whose hands this may come—remember, I entreat you, that a few revolving years—nay a few months, or days, or even hours, may summon you likewise into the presence of that God, whose wrath is as a consuming fire to the impenitent and unholy. Pray that grace may be given to reflect seriously on those momentous subjects—that you and I may be so taught to number our days as to apply our hearts unto heavenly wisdom; and that when we pass from a world of sin to a world of spirits, we may have the blessed consolation of knowing that we have, through faith in a crucified, risen and exalted Redeemer, obtained peace with God, and a title to a mansion in that Heavenly City, into which "nothing that defileth shall enter."—Rev. xxi. 21.

## R E V I E W S.

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"It becomes us all to consider, humbly and thankfully, the evidence given of a power to save to the very uttermost all who come unto God through Jesus Christ. In the tract which we have just read, that power is described most vividly in the case of two poor human beings found guilty of murder. When the good work had proceeded in the heart of one of the culprits, he desired earnestly to see his fellow-prisoner, that he might address to her one word of exhortation before his death. This we shall give in his own language, recommending the whole account to the attention of the public, as replete with instruction and edification," \* \* \* \* \*—*Dublin Record*.

"We have read the narrative entitled 'MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS,' with the greatest pleasure. Its style and object are of the same class, with the well-known tract of 'the DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,' having the advantage of being more striking and less diffuse, and thereby better calculated to win its way among those disinclined to read religious publications. While it rivets the attention, it pours into the mind a stream of sacred truth, drawn from the pure fountain of the word of life. While it illustrates, it corroborates by fact, the testimony of the Holy Scriptures, and thus creates a thirst to possess and peruse that divine volume."—*New York Observer*.







